# MOVING PICTURE STORIES

10¢

EVELYN
BRENT
COLUMBIA
PICTURES

MARCH 4 1930
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THANKS

**THEIR OWN DESIRE**
**THE RACKETEER**
**MURDER on the ROOF**
**HIS FIRST COMMAND**

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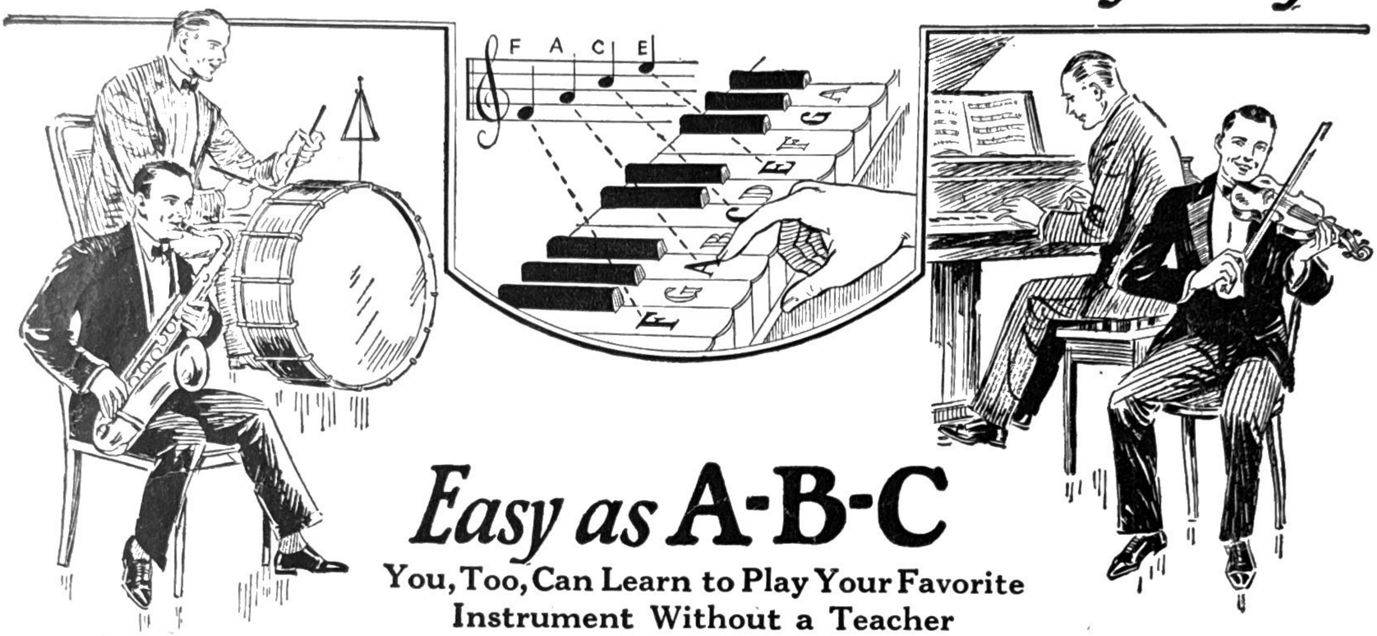
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VOL. XXXVI No. 842 MARCH 4, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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*Lally had taken an instinctive dislike to Mrs. Cheever even before she realized her father's interest in the blonde, wholly modern member of their own set.*

# THEIR OWN DESIRE

### By ETHEL ROSEMON

FOR the first time in her protected, joy-filled years, tragedy had touched the life of Lally Marlett. Divorce was reaching out its spectre-like hand over the Marlett home and changing the lovely only daughter into a cynical, bitter young woman. Lally adored her famous novelist father. They had been pals from her babyhood. And her affection for her mother had a certain maternal quality which the self-sufficient younger generation often entertains for a parent. She gloried in the stately beauty of the quiet, poised woman whose adherence to the customs of her own girlhood might be termed old-fashioned by the women of their set who emulated their daughters in dress and action but made her all the more precious to Lally. She was glad her mother did not smoke, did not drink, though she approved of both these pastimes for herself—in moderation, of course. She was proud of Mrs. Marlett's unbobbed hair and she felt that all her friends must envy her in their secret hearts the possession of such a mother. It seemed impossible that her father could change—and yet she had it from his own lips. People who marry in their early youth, he told her, often find

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*"Listen Lally, you're you, just you—there isn't anyone in the world like you—and I'm I. What's it to us what our parents do?"*

later in life that their happiness lies with another mate. His, he was sure, was with Mrs. Beth Cheever, a blonde, wholly modern member of their own set for whom Lally had taken an instinctive dislike, even before she had guessed her father's interest in that direction. But she was helpless to remedy matters. Before she had any suspicion of the cloud that threatened their home, her father and mother had arranged it all. Mrs. Marlett and Lally were to go away for the summer. In the early fall they would take up their residence in Paris, then—Lally shuddered as she thought of this other woman in her mother's place and a hard light came into her eyes while the laughing young mouth set in a line of grim determination. Romance had gone from her life with her mother's. Never would she give a man an opportunity to treat her as her father had treated the woman he had married in his youth.

But so much for determination. Lally had not been at the mountain resort she and her mother had chosen for their summer sojourn long enough to become acquainted with the other guests even by name, when one day, in bathing, a handsome, laughing-eyed youth, with the confidence of the college boy of wealth who always got what he went after, bobbed up in the water beside her and introduced himself as Jack. He was so brimming with youth, with genuine enjoyment of life, so frank in his admiration of her, that she found neither the heart nor the desire to repulse him. Besides, she wanted to forget the great sorrow that had just come to her. Playing around with this boy who seemed never to see a shadow across the sun would help. That very night after the hotel dance she lingered with him, unconscious of the passage of time, until three o'clock in the morning. When finally she retired to the room she shared with her mother, she found Mrs. Marlett still awake, anxiously waiting for her. When she frankly confessed that she had spent the hours looking at the moon with a man, the cautious mother naturally wanted to know his name.

"Jack—Jack," Lally began. "Funny I don't know his last name. It may sound strange, but I forgot to ask him—we were too busy talking."

A worried look came into Mrs. Marlett's eyes.

"I've always trusted you, Lally," she said quietly, "but I don't know whether I should start on that trip through the Adirondacks tomorrow to be gone a whole week away from you."

"Oh, never worry about me, Mother," Lally re-

---

*This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Sarita Fuller. Frances Marion wrote the scenario and E. Mason Hopper directed, with Norma Shearer appearing as Lally Marlett, Belle Bennett as Mrs. Marlett, Lewis Stone as Henry Marlett, Robert Montgomery as Jack Cheever, Helene Millard as Bess Cheever, Cecile Cunningham as Aunt Carolyn, Henry Herbert as Uncle Nate, Mary Doran as Suzanne and June Nash as Mildred.*

*Lally gazed up at her father with unrecognizing eyes and her clasp tightened protectingly about the unconscious boy.*

turned affectionately. "Trust me—I can take care of myself."

"You know, dear," Mrs. Marlett reminded as she sank down among the pillows, "you said you weren't going to care for any man. I hope it isn't your father coming out in you."

"I let any man do what father has done to you," —there was a return of the newly acquired bitterness—"let myself belong to anyone of them—not a chance, darling."

She kissed her mother with a sudden rush of tenderness, then hopped into her own bed and drew the covers about her.

MRS. MARLETT left for the Adirondacks the next morning and Lally continued to play around with the boy named Jack. But it wasn't long before she realized that it was more than play to both of them. Their dances together soon lost much of their original gayety and smart repartee, assuming in their place a dreamy quality. Their canoe trips became more and more long periods of silence, and, yet, neither was bored when five or ten minutes passed without a word between them.

One afternoon Lally revealed to the boy her secret hide-away, a cove not yet discovered by the other vacationists. As they landed and made their way between the trees on the deep green carpet of moss, Lally breathed a contented sigh.

"'Peace that passeth understanding'," she murmured as if to herself, then, conscious of the boy's presence, she added, "You see, I used to be taken to church."

"I'm going to take you to church some day," Jack told her as he began to hum the wedding march.

"Yeh?" she laughed gayly as she ran before him.

She reached her goal, her favorite oak tree, and put her arm around it affectionately. In doing so, she got a splinter under her nail.

"Let me look," the boy said. With a wry face, she held out her finger to him. "I'll take it out. There's a skinny little blade in my knife that'll do the trick. Shut your pretty eyes and trust papa." In a second he had the splinter out and mockingly patted himself on the shoulder. "Some little surgeon! Wouldn't you know my father is an eminent physician?"

"Really?" Lally questioned with interest.

"Sure," he returned proudly. "Dr. Cheever—perhaps you've heard of him."

The smile died on Lally's lips and the hard, bitter look came back into her eyes but she made an effort to speak lightly.

"My dad's a novelist. You've probably read his books—Henry Marlett, you know."

Jack had had no warning to prepare him for the announcement and there was no hiding the shock it gave him.

"But look here—" he faltered. "Funny—" But

*(Continued on page 25)*

# The Racketeer

*"Does he mean that much to you?"*

*"He means everything in the world to me and I found him again only yesterday, sick, helpless."*

MAHLON KEANE, gentleman racketeer, looked up from the cards with interest as a lovely blonde girl, with pale face and burning eyes, approached his table. Though not seeming to do so, he had taken in every word of the buzz of gossip created by her arrival at the party now in progress at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leighton Lee for the benefit of St. James Orphanage. Her name, he had learned, was Rhoda Philbrooke. She had left a wealthy husband to cast her lot with a certain Tony Vaughan, a violinist, talented but penniless. This was her first appearance in the circle she had formerly frequented since she had taken the molding of her life into her own hands. And it was Keane's first appearance at any time in the set that dictated the city's social code. The reason for his being there was obvious. The committee in charge of the benefit needed games of chance such as those that furnished Keane's gambling dens, a portion of his "business activity" he managed to keep strictly within the law and they needed some one to direct the games. Keane, always generous in his donations to charity, had been approached and had readily consented. That he ruled the underworld with an iron hand was unknown to his associates of this particular evening—nor, indeed, could the police find definite evidence to point to him as the brains of the various gangs that menaced the city.

As Rhoda took her seat at the table, Keane, in his position as banker, looked up at her questioningly.

"Fifty dollars' worth, please," she announced. "And that's all I have to play with—tonight."

She pushed a brand new fifty-dollar bill over to him and his interest deepened as he noticed on the crisp piece of paper his own peculiar scrawl, identifying it as the same bill he had thrust into the pocket of the emaciated figure he had found slumped against the lamp post in front of his apartment, a violin clasped in his arms, when he and his right-hand man, Gus, were returning from a "business conference" that very day. The bill had saved the violinist from being taken into custody by Mehaffy, the policeman on the beat, who, in pursuance of Keane's orders to get the man to the nearest Y. M. C. A., had hailed a passing taxi. The chauffeur had explained that he already had a fare and, as Keane was looking idly from the window of his apartment a moment later, he had seen the "fare", a slender, blonde-haired woman, jump from the taxi and, with the aid of the policeman and the chauffeur, get the sick man into it and quickly drive away. This, then, was the woman, and no doubt the man he had saved from arrest was her violinist lover.

His speculations in the matter were cut short by a sudden quick movement on the part of Rhoda Philbrooke. From the corner of his eye, he watched her slip a card from a hand that had been thrown on the table and substitute one of her own in its place. It was her play next and, as she calmly threw down the ace of spades, Mrs. Chapman, one of the players, exclaimed:

"Why, that was in my discard!"

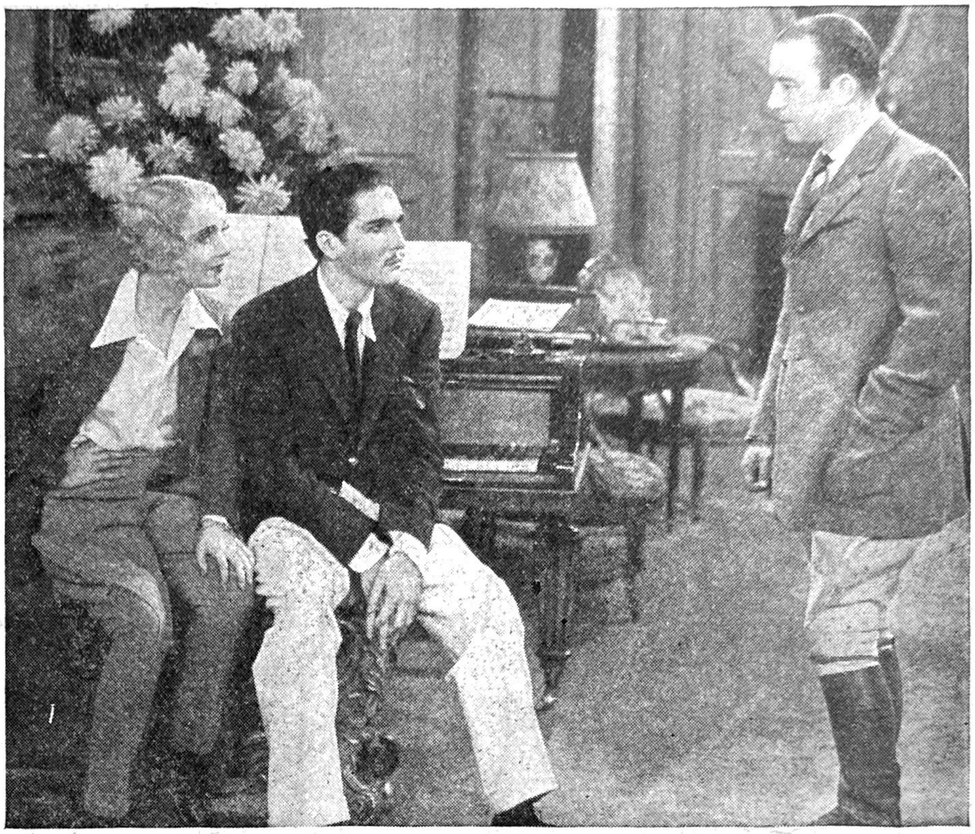
"It couldn't have been," Rhoda said quietly.

"But it was," the other insisted.

"You might possibly have mistaken the ace of

By

JEAN PENNINGTON



*Mahlon Keane's interest in the violinist did not stop with restoring him to health. He carefully planned his comeback to the position in musical circles his talents deserved.*

clubs for spades," the gambler told her. "They often look alike, even to experienced players. But, anyway, it's easy enough to find out."

He turned up the discarded hand and, much to the surprise of Mrs. Chapman and the relief of Rhoda Philbrooke, revealed the ace of clubs. Still Mrs. Chapman was not convinced—though she could not see how anyone could have possibly made the substitution right before her eyes. As she rose and walked away from the table, followed by her husband, her whole attitude denoted the suspicion she could not express for lack of evidence. A moment later, the game ended, Rhoda quickly left the room. Gus, who was on hand to assist Keane, at a nod from his employer, followed her.

EARLY the next day a bell boy at the modest little apartment hotel where Rhoda Philbrooke occupied a suite knocked at the door and presented the girl with an envelope containing the ace of spades—no other message—with the explanation that a man in the lobby had given it to him. The next moment, Mahlon Keane, who had followed the boy, presented himself.

"I want to talk to you," he explained his presence.

"About this?" she asked, indicating the card in her hand.

"I thought that was the only way I had, after last night, and I wanted to see you again."

With a quick movement the girl reached out and closed the door that led to an adjoining room.

"Mr. Keane, if you'll understand what I'm going to tell you, we'll save time," she said quietly. "I cheated last night because I needed money. You helped me. I'm grateful to you for that—but that's all."

"I didn't come here for your thanks," he told her.

"But there's nothing else I have to give you," she returned.

"But I think there're a few things I have to give you," he replied. "I came to see you because I've spent the day thinking about you. You don't have to tell me you cheated because you needed money—nor that last night was the first time. I've got money and it doesn't mean a thing to me. I can help you—and there are no strings tied to it. I want nothing from you in return—please understand that."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door followed by the entrance of a bootlegger, well known to Mahlon Keane. Before his call at the apartment, Rhoda, acting under the direction of Tony Vaughan who, in the bedroom beyond, lay groaning in an attack of nerves brought on by an unsatisfied craving for drink, had phoned the bootlegger under the impression that she was calling a doctor. Now, at the sound of the familiar voice,

---

***This is an adaptation of Pathe Pictures' screen presentation of the story and scenario by Paul Gangelin, produced by Ralph Block. Howard Higgin directed, with Robert Armstrong appearing as Mahlon Keane, Carol Lombard as Rhoda Philbrooke, Roland Drew as Tony Vaughan, Paul Hurst as Mehaffy, Kit Guard as Gus, Al Hill as Squid, Bobbie Dunn as the Rat, Bud Fine as Bernie Weber, Hedda Hopper as Mrs. Leighton Lee, Jeanette Loff as Millie Chapman, John Loder as Jack Oakhurst, Winter Hall as Mr. Chapman and Winifred Harris as Mrs. Chapman.***

Tony staggered to the door and threw it open.

"Oh, come on, Eddie, give me that," he cried, pointing to the little bag the bootlegger held in his hand. "Give me—"

Before he could reach for the bag Keane's strong arms were around him and he was half dragging, half carrying him back to the bedroom. But Tony would not be quieted. He was in a fighting mood, maddened by his desire for liquor. Then Keane took the only way to deal with a man in his condition. His strong fist flew out and sprawled the kicking, clawing violinist helpless across the bed.

"It's the only way when they get like that," he explained in answer to Rhoda's terrified cry.

The girl bent over the prone figure, with the pale, emaciated face in which the dark eyes gleamed with the light of insanity.

"Are you hurt?" she questioned in an agony of fear. The man just groaned. "It's Rhoda, Tony darling." There was a world of sympathetic love in her tone and Keane questioned gently:

"Does he mean that much to you?"

"He means everything to me and I found him again only yesterday, sick, helpless, leaning against a lamp post." She raised sad, pleading eyes to his. "Will you please go and leave us alone?"

"No," the man returned firmly. "Whether you like it or not, you're going to do as I say, you're going to let me help you."

His first act was to summarily dismiss the bootlegger, who was still waiting in the other room in the hope that he could make a sale, with the instruction:

"Don't you ever dare sell that guy anything again."

Next he phoned Dr. Doane, one of the best physicians in the city for cases of this kind, and put Tony Vaughan in his personal care.

WEEKS passed. On Mahlon Keane's beautiful estate in Roslyn, Long Island, under the untiring care of Rhoda Philbrooke, the wreck of a musician fought his way back to normalcy. And, as, with returning health, he spent more and more hours with his violin, the girl's eyes grew bright with happiness—and gratitude to the man who had made this change possible and who asked nothing in return.

"When I hear Tony play like that, I realize he doesn't need me any longer," she told him one evening as they sat alone in the moonlit garden and listened to the soft strains that came to them from the music-room. "I guess I've lost my job." There was a touch of wistfulness in her voice.

"And what are you going to do now?" Keane asked anxiously.

"Oh, this and that," she returned lightly. "I'll get along somehow."

The man leaned close to her and in his eyes there was the light of worship, mingled with a great love.

"But you need some one to take care of you. What if I asked you to marry me?"

She held up a restraining hand.

"Please!"

"But, Rhoda, you do like me—just a little?"

"Oh, I do," she returned sincerely, but he did not mistake gratitude and liking for the passion he longed to arouse. "You could make life such an easy, simple thing—and I'm so tired. Oh, I wish I could say, 'Yes'!"

"It's all right, dear." He patted her hand gently as she rose and started for the house.

BUT there was another who was capable of sacrifice and gratitude. Tony Vaughan had been quick to sense Keane's love for Rhoda, to realize that, if he were out of her life, she might find happiness with the man who had so much to give her. That very evening he told her of his plans for a concert tour after the recital which Keane was arranging to bring him back to his rightful place in musical circles.

"Isn't this rather sudden?" she asked, trying bravely to make her voice sound natural.

"Well, I must get my public back," he replied as if this were his chief interest in life.

"Of course, of course, Tony—your public," she assented. He bent his head and kissed her gently on the forehead. "Tony, Mal has just asked me to marry him," she told him in the hope of forcing him to show some feeling.

"Why not—if you love him?"

"Oh, Tony, could I make him happy?" she asked.

"You could make any man happy."

"Kiss me goodnight," she whispered, the great love in her heart shining in her eyes.

Again he bent over and kissed her gently as he might have kissed his sister and the next minute started up the stairs to his room.

Suddenly life seemed to stretch before the girl, sitting desolate in the music-room, a succession of drab days to be lived through some way—and she was so tired, so alone. When Keane entered the room a moment later, he was startled by the utter hopelessness in her face.

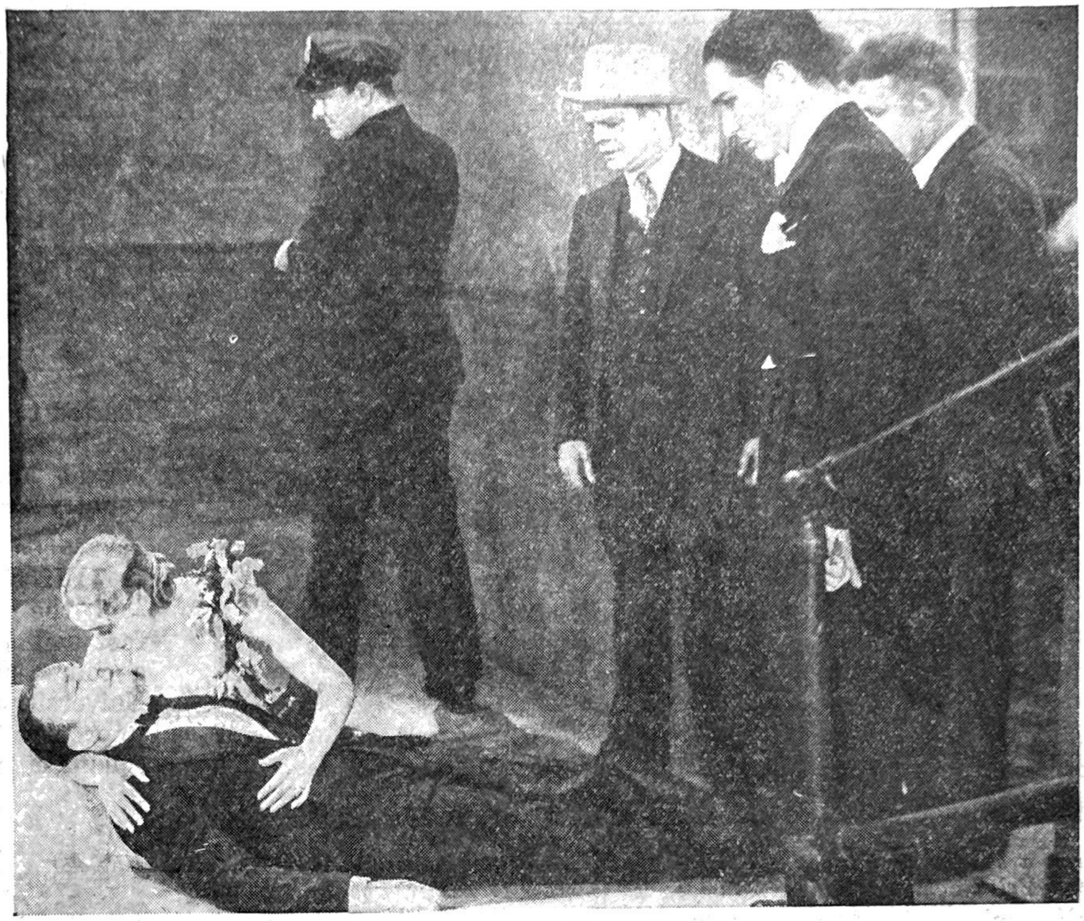
"Why, Rhoda, what's wrong? Can I help?" he asked anxiously.

"Take care of me, Mal." It was the cry of a weary child and the man gathered her into the protection of his strong arms.

A FEW days later, society was startled by the announcement in the morning papers:

"Mahlon Keane, spectacular figure in New York night life, and Mrs. Rhoda Philbrooke, divorced wife of Dan Philbrooke, millionaire sportsman, will be married on board the French Line steamer, Paris, shortly after the boat sails at midnight tonight. Before sailing, they will attend Anthony Vaughan's recital at Victoria Hall, which is sponsored by Mr. Keane."

But, at the last moment, Keane found that some



*The girl raised Keane's head to her shoulder and her tears rained on his face. He tried to speak to her but no words came.*

important business would detain him longer than he had expected. He arranged for Tony to call for Rhoda and take her to the hall. He would follow later. On the drive downtown, the two talked gayly, constantly, of his coming tour of the country, then perhaps Europe, at times scarcely realizing what they were saying, each dreading only one thing, that silence might fall between them. At the hall, Rhoda decided to remain in the dressing-room with him until he was called to the stage for his opening number. Suddenly she stopped in her nervous pacing back and forth and held out the hand on which glittered the rare stone that Mahlon Keane had just given her as an engagement ring.

"Beautiful! Your design?" Tony asked as he bent over to examine the jewel.

"No—Mal's." She winced as his grasp on her hand tightened unconsciously. "Tony, you're hurting me."

She was very close to him and, as his arms went out to her, she swayed into them.

"Oh, don't leave me!" he pleaded. "Don't leave me! Don't!" Then his arms fell to his side and he moved away from her. "Forgive me," he said contritely. "I just couldn't help myself. I'll never bother you again."

But the girl's eyes were shining with happiness; her lips were parted in a smile of joy.

"Oh, Tony, my darling," she breathed, "you love me and you would have let me go away, loving you?"

"But what have I to give you?" he asked humbly.

"What have you to give me?" she repeated. "Oh my darling! But Mal—this will hurt him desperately. I just can't tell him."

"But you can't go with him, loving me—I see that now for the first time—and in the end it would hurt him even more deeply. I'll tell him."

"No, I'll tell him," she returned bravely, for she thought she might soften the blow to the man who had done so much for them.

WHEN Keane entered the dressing-room a little later, he found her standing before the mirror, arranging the flowers she wore at the shoulder of her evening gown. Coming softly up behind her, he put his arms about her, his head close to hers.

"Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Keane!" he laughed happily at their reflection in the glass.

"Mal!" The girl raised sad, serious eyes to his smiling ones.

"Oh, you'll get used to it," he assured her. "I've just been saying it over and over to myself coming down—Mrs. Mahlon Keane."

"Listen, Mal, there's something I must tell you," she began, but he interrupted:

"Just save it until we get aboard the boat, until that captain ties us both to the name of Keane."

"But—"

The door opened suddenly and Officer Mehaffy and two other men entered the room.

"Like to see you alone," Mehaffy announced.

"Certainly," Keane agreed. "Do you mind wait-

*(Continued on page 28)*

# That's

By RUTH

*Even a sea-faring damsel may have inland It—if the damsel happens to be Lupe Velez. John Holland seems undecided whether to push the boat out or pull it in—but we'd like to wager what its position will be in the next sequence. The name of the picture is "Hell's Harbor" but perhaps Lupe makes it a paradise before the final reel. Jean Hersholt, too, appears prominently in the cast.*

CHARLES "Buddy" Rogers is in New York for the first time in two years. But don't get the mistaken idea that Buddy's having a holiday—unless you call making personal appearances in such rapid succession that as you go on the stage for one act you meet yourself coming off from the previous one a holiday. Though Buddy is a native of Kansas, he is not a stranger to these parts, for it was at the Paramount School of Acting over at Astoria, Long Island, that the young Rogers gentleman prepared for his cinema career. He was, you may remember, the school's prize pupil, the only one, in fact, to reach stardom.

* * *

JACKIE COOGAN is another favorite who is on Broadway this week—but in a news reel. Jackie, quite grown up and dignified now—he's almost sixteen—introduces his five-year-old brother, Robert, to the audience and makes it clear that he thinks it's high time the youngster started to lay the foundation for his business career. At his age, Jackie, himself, was one of the country's moneyed men.

*Blanche Sweet will be seen soon in "The Woman Racket". We hope that the talkies will do big things for this little golden-haired star. Perhaps you remember her in the silent version of "Anna Christie", the play that is serving as the first talking picture for Greta Garbo and is going to make the popular Swedish star climb up another notch in public favor—if, indeed, there are any more notches for the Garbo to climb.*

* * *

NEIL HAMILTON has become the proud owner of a forty-foot sailing yacht and is taking a course in seamanship at the University of Southern California to prepare himself for unexpected squalls on the bounding main.

* * *

HOW would you like to commute ninety miles to work each day, then back the same distance? That's what Lenore Ulric is doing at present. She is starring in the stage production of Somerset Maugham's "East is West" in Santa Barbara and traveling each night when the curtain falls to the lovely Beverly Hills home which shelters the star and her husband, Sidney Blackmer, when they are out Hollywood way.

* * *

ESTELLE TAYLOR is "in training", working off some of the pounds she attracted during her recent vaudeville tour. Winnie Lightner, also, is lauding it over her friends because she has taken some of the roundness off the curves under the expert direction of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Plumpness isn't out of the way in a comedienne but Winnie yearns to make the dramatic field her forte.

* * *

JACQUELINE LOGAN has gone to England to star in "Encore", for Gainsborough Pictures, Ltd., in London. Jackie plans to be away about four months but, when our stars go abroad and the foreign stars come

# That

RAND

over here, their stay is often extended far beyond the time contemplated. We're wondering whether Jackie will import a brand new English accent.

* * *

THE desert has become quite a hide-away for picture folks. Irving Berlin has fled to Palm Springs to write his new singing picture. Marion Davies has been there, recuperating from the strain of her latest talking feature, and Janet Gaynor and her husband, Lydell Peck, recently took the trip to superintend the tree-planting for their new desert home which they will start to build shortly. George Bancroft, too, is building a desert abode—we were going to say "nest" but that doesn't fit in very well with the Bancroft personality.

* * *

WALLACE BEERY, soon to play a convict in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new prison picture, believes in first hand observation to play a role. He passed several days at the Los Angeles County Jail, learning all about the movements of prisoners and their behavior.

"Then," he said, "I practiced dodging policemen around corners until one of them threatened to lock me up."

* * *

SEVENTY-NINE dogs will be used for scenes in Moran and Mack's second Paramount starring picture, "Two Black Crows in the A. E. F.". Rennie Renfro, owner of one of the largest collections of dog actors, furnished fifty-six of the canines from his kennels and borrowed the remainder from friends.

*There is one characterization on the Great White Way this week that equals George Arliss's Disraeli and that is George Arliss's Rajah in "The Green Goddess". Both productions may well be called "screen classics". In the first picture, Constance Bennett appears with Mr. Arliss, also his wife, Florence Arliss; the second gives us Alice Joyce, unbelievably youthful and lovely.*

*A fan has to have more than sight and hearing to enjoy the work of Ann Harding and Ronald Colman in "Condemned" which is the current attraction at the Rivoli Theatre on Broadway. He must have a large store of patience and a fairly good "understanding", for the line forms at the box office and many steps away while some of the rest of the world is hustling to its daily job. The combination of these two stars and a vital picture is the answer.*

WILLIAM POWELL will speak Japanese in his next all-talking film for Paramount, "The Benson Murder Case". His conversation in the oriental tongue will be directed to Sam, his valet, and will last through only one short scene.

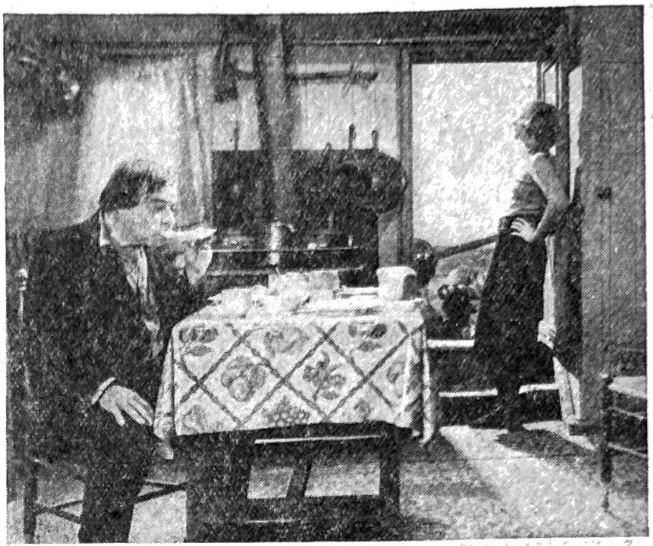
* * *

EVEN the jungles of Africa have picture fans today. When Mutia and Riano, savages who are to appear in "Trader Horn", arrived from Africa with W. S. Van Dyke, the director, they promptly asked to see Lon Chaney. They'd attended showings of his picture in native village picture houses and were hard to convince that the star wasn't a witch doctor because they saw him in the picture without legs and with two very substantial ones at the studio.

* * *

**Coming in the issue dated March 18: The complete story of "Anna Christie", an absorbing tale of a girl who had to fight the world and—men—alone.**

*Anna (Greta Garbo) comes to New York to meet old Chris, her father, and makes the acquaintance of Martha (Marie Dressler).*



*Anna had never known anything as pure and sweet as the great open sea and she feels a new hope stirring within her heart.*

## Vital Moments from "Anna Christie", Greta Garbo's first talking picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

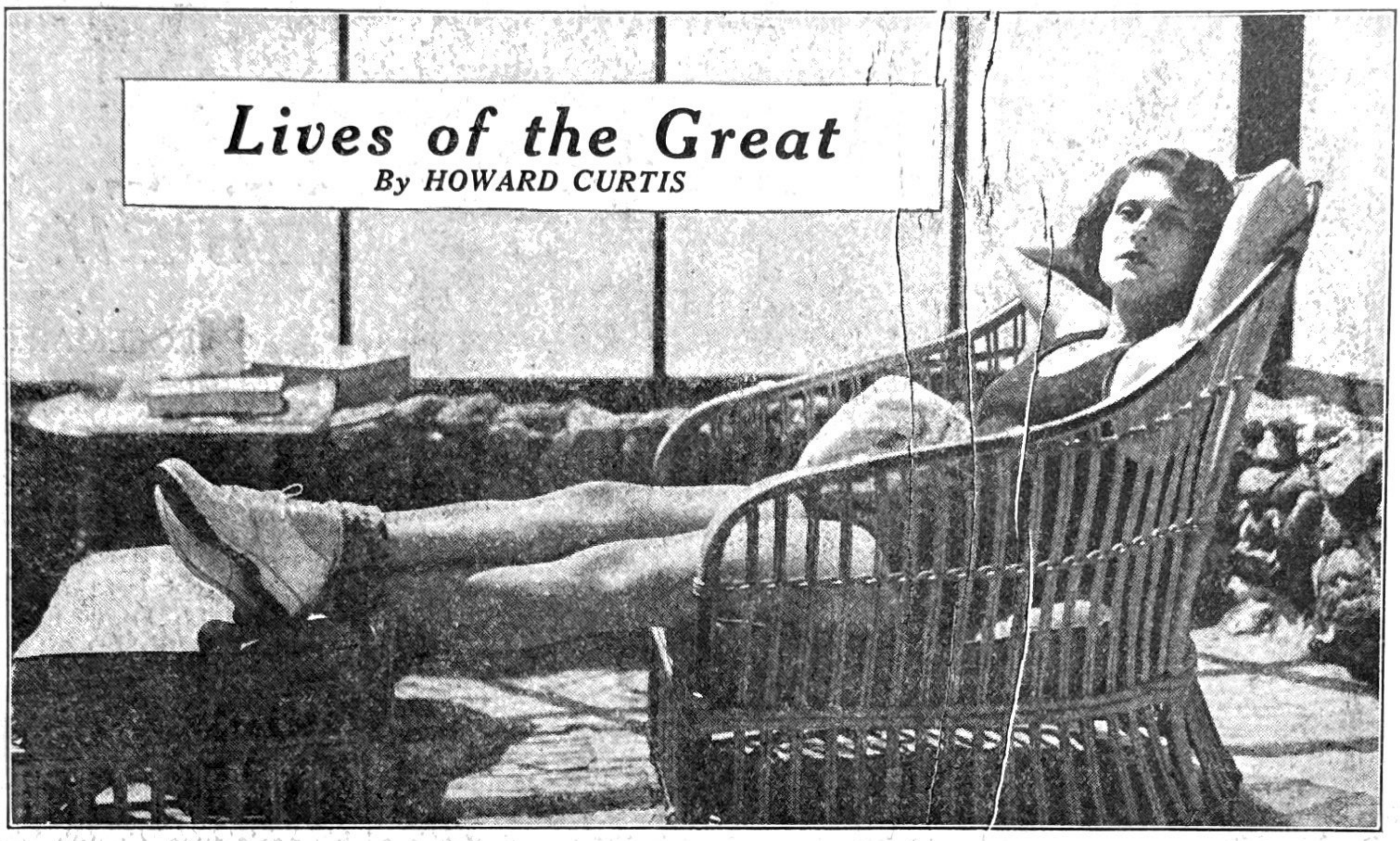
*Old Chris (George Marion) finds the daughter he had deserted in babyhood, a lovely, vital young woman, and he is filled with contrition for his years of neglect.*

*The "ole davil sea" has played another trick on Chris—she has brought into his daughter's life a sea-going man, Matt (Jack Bickford), and the father makes no attempt at friendliness toward the young man.*

*The story of Anna's early life comes from her lips in a torrent of stormy words and the two men listen to her, aghast.*

# Lives of the Great

### By HOWARD CURTIS



*Evelyn Brent, who recently signed a contract with Columbia Pictures for four feature productions, finds her beach home an ideal place to rest between pictures.*

A FEW years ago a young player who had been appearing in a series of crook melodramas came to New York on a visit and her company gave a tea to introduce her to newspaper and magazine writers. She was a slender, dark-haired girl, quiet and demure, totally unlike the characters she had been portraying on the screen. The girl was Evelyn Brent, who, since that day, has climbed steadily upward until she is now an actress who can be relied upon never to give a bad performance. She has been cast in many underworld pictures, generally as the "moll" of the gang leader, but there is no particular reason for this specializing, for, in the few opportunities she has had to portray the "nice and refined" heroine, she has always done justice to the part. Now Columbia Pictures has signed her for four feature productions and it is expected that she will have a better opportunity than ever to take her rightful place among the screen stars.

Evelyn Brent was born in Tampa, Florida. She intended to be a school teacher and, with that end in view, she came to New York to study. Then one day in a spirit of fun she took a trip to Fort Lee and applied for work as an extra—and on that day her early ambition vanished, to be replaced by one for a more glamorous career.

After working in pictures for a few years, she went to Europe on a pleasure trip. While there, John Cromwell offered her a part in a stage play "The Ruined Lady", so the few months pleasure trip extended to four years in London where the American girl divided her time between the British stage and screen.

Returning to the States for what she intended to be a short visit, she was signed up by Douglas Fairbanks for his next picture. Seven months passed without a crank of the camera and Evelyn grew thoroughly weary of idleness. This ended with an opportunity to play opposite Monte Blue which she gladly accepted. Then came fourteen crook melodramas for F. B. O., followed by a long-term contract with Paramount. At its termination, the ever alert Columbia persuaded Evelyn to put her name on the dotted line.

*Evelyn makes a splendid "moll", but she can portray the "other kind of lady" just as well.*

# His First

### By ROSEMARY

*Terry could not learn the girl's name, though he promptly gave his own, nor could he find out what stroke of fate had landed her in these parts.*

NIGHT clubs, chorus girls, everything associated with the lights that twinkle on Broadway when the sun goes down—these spelled Kansas for Terry Culver, only son of the millionaire owner of the Culver Tire Company. Life in the open of the great West where playboys become men should work wonders for his scapegrace heir was the confident opinion of the head of the Culver family—and Terry had no alternative but to bow to the command as gracefully as possible. By some trick of reasoning, the hopeful father had come to the conclusion that the West was a country of men without women. Terry could have pointed out his mistake even before his shiny Rolls-Royce neared the grounds of the great rubber works, for, as Homer, his colored chauffeur, worked frantically to extricate the wheels of the machine from the Kansas mud, at the same time delivering a lecture to his young master anent the frolicsome playgirls who had been the cause of their exile, a group of cavalrymen and their ladies dashed by on their way to Fort Riley. If they had all continued to dash, Terry's life story would have been far different. But one, a lovely, dark-haired girl with wide, clear, blue eyes, dropped her stirrup right in the path of the Rolls-Royce and rode back to retrieve it. Terry gallantly offered his assistance, though his knowledge of horses was limited to his grandfather's reminiscences of the good old days before expensive motors began to run wild. Homer's heart sank. His employer was at it again! He did his own dark best to break up the little tete-a-tete by pushing himself between the two young people and offering to do any fixing that was necessary. Terry did not learn the girl's name, though he quite promptly gave his own, nor could he find out what stroke of fate had landed her in these parts, but, as he watched her ride off after her companions with a merry "Thank you" thrown over her shoulder, intended equally for him and for Homer, he decided that Kansas, in spite of its mud, was not such a bad place after all and even the rubber business might have its compensations.

He met the young girl again a few evenings later. Major Hall, a retired army man, now manager of the Culver Rubber Tire Company, was giving a dinner to some of his friends from Fort Riley and of necessity had to include his employer's son among his guests. Terry had been sure that he would find the girl of the stirrup adventure, for he would canvass the whole State of Kansas until he did, but he had entertained no hope that he would meet her again so soon and under such pleasant circumstances. But Judy Gaylord, only daughter of Colonel Gaylord, in charge of the Fort Riley post, had had a brief sketch of the young man's career from her host while he delayed dinner awaiting Terry's arrival and she was fully prepared for the meeting. With smiling eyes but with a mouth that was set in a firm line, she pointed out to the newcomer that the locality he had chosen for his future residence was rather unprofitable for young

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*This is an adaptation of Pathe Pictures' screen presentation of the story and scenario by Jack Jungmeyer and James Gleason, produced by Ralph Block. Gregory La Cava directed, with William Boyd appearing as Terry Culver, Dorothy Sebastian as Judy Gaylord, Alphonse Ethier as Colonel Gaylord, Gavin Gordon as Lieutenant Allan, Paul Hurst as Sergeant Westwood, Helen Parrish as Jane, Charles Moore as Homer, Howard Hickman as Major Hall, Rose Tapley as Mrs. Pike and Mabel Van Buren as Mrs. Sergeant.*

# Command

LEE

*Little Jane's heart swelled with pride as she watched her Sponge Cake sitting his horse as well as the best of them and she exclaimed gleefully:*
*"He did it all for you, Aunt Judy!"*

men of romantic tendencies, explaining that most of the women were attached to the army and that army women confine their romances to army circles, perhaps through pride, maybe tradition.

"You know, if I thought that I could see you every day, I might join the army myself," the irrepressible Terry announced. "You see, I really haven't anything else to do."

"Well, it might not be too late," Judy returned, her eyes still smiling. "The army has done wonders with some very doubtful specimens."

THE next time Judy Gaylord saw Terry Culver, he was saluting a post, his sergeant told him represented General Pershing, a hundred times and repeating, "Yes, sir," with the precise military intonation. It all came about because on the day of his enlistment he had wandered into Colonel Gaylord's office and, presuming upon the meeting at Major Hall's dinner, had greeted him like a buddy, attempting to rest his khaki-garbed form on the edge of the colonel's desk, answering the colonel's queries with a cheery, "Yes, in a way," and, when questioned, "Yes what?" by the military man, changing his reply to, "Yes, indeed!" with no inkling of the proper response to a superior officer on any and all occasions. The fact that the new recruit quite frankly admitted that he had joined the army on account of the colonel's daughter did not incline the head of the post to leniency in giving orders for his discipline and Terry had to continue his saluting of General Pershing's substitute, while Judy's mischevious voice came to him as she and the sergeant discussed raw recruits in anything but a complimentary manner. He also had to stand calmly by and see the girl present the sergeant with the expensive bunch of orchids, his daily morning greeting to her, with the suggestion that the man give it to his wife with her compliments. When the sergeant stammeringly explained that he had no wife, Judy had another bright idea—he might feed it to the horses. To be sure, no card accompanied the floral offering but Judy knew that no one in the army, not even its head, could afford such expensive blossoms—and Terry knew that she knew.

But Terry was not to be discouraged in spite of all rebuffs. Joining the army had accomplished one thing. The new recruit was attached to the stable, a job that no one envied him, and Judy's horse had his stall there. Terry saw her every time she came for a ride and he had the exclusive pleasure of grooming the animal. Then, too, since he had learned in the first few days of his military career that it was against army discipline for a rookie to make advances to an officer's lady, especially a colonel's daughter, the horse formed a means of communication, a living thing to whom Terry could confide his thoughts, while Judy waited for the animal to be saddled before her canter or lingered for a moment to chat with the sergeant upon her return.

"Didn't the little dear enjoy her ride this morning?" he would inquire solicitously, stroking the horse's nose, or he would compliment, "You're so beautiful when you're angry. Won't you pout for me? How can you feel the way you do when you know I'm crazy about you? I know I'm not much to look at but I'm a good provider. Just think of what we could do on twenty-one dollars a month!"

The sergeant at first thought these conversations were an eccentricity of the new recruit, or perhaps an overwhelming love for horses, and really there was no provision in the army regulations that provided for the punishment of rookies that talked to horses. However, when it finally penetrated his consciousness that the conversations took place only when the colonel's daughter was near, he commented one day:

"I ain't so sure you're talking to that horse."

"I thought a sergeant was sure of everything," Terry returned.

"Do you know what happens to rookies that get fresh with officers' ladies?" the sergeant demanded.

"Sure," the boy told him. "The first thing they do is saw the tops of their heads off. After this, they take out all their brains—and then they make top sergeants out of them."

BUT, if the entire army, from the colonel's daughter down, seemed to be against the petted young millionaire, he had one staunch friend, little Jane, Judy's niece. Jane was an enthusiastic horsewoman. Terry had a natural love for children and, when the little girl came for her horse each day, he regaled her with funny stories of the youngsters back East, for Jane was not a colonel's daughter and there was no rule to keep a rookie from talking to her. Early in their acquaintance, he confided to her that life would be complete for him if he could learn to ride well enough to appear in the next cavalry review at the fort and the child eagerly proposed a plan. She would be his teacher and, if Sponge Cake, as she had heard the sergeant refer to him, did not get his wish, it would not be her fault. During their secret lessons together, the young man talked constantly of Jane's lovely Aunt Judy and even her young mind had no difficulty in understanding his feelings in that direction. The little teacher swelled with pride when, on the day of the review, she saw her Sponge Cake riding proudly in the line, sitting on his horse as well as the best of them.

"And he did it all for you, Aunt Judy!" she exclaimed gleefully, much to the surprised annoyance of Lieutenant Fred Allan, the colonel's daughter's most hopeful suitor.

"He hasn't been annoying you, Judy?" the lieutenant asked quickly.

"Oh, Freddie, how silly of you!" the girl laughed in an attempt to hide her embarrassement. "You're beginning to talk just like father," for the colonel had reproached his daughter in no uncertain terms when gossip had reached his ears that, since Terry Culver had been attached to the cavalry stables, she had displayed an amazing enthusiasm for riding at all hours of the day and had reminded her of her position as the daughter of the head of the post.

At the officers' dance that concluded the festivities on the day of the review, Judy was not her usual, gay, laughing self and Lieutenant Allan was quick to sense her mood.

"What's wrong, Judy? What's troubling you tonight?" he questioned at the end of their first dance together.

"Oh, it's nothing," she returned with an assumed lightness of tone. "I just want to get out in the air."

"Well, shall we take a walk in the garden?" he suggested, turning to the door.

"Please, Freddie, I'd rather be alone, if you don't mind," she said.

"I understand, dear," he told her as he left her at the steps, "but don't stay away too long."

Judy's desire for a walk in the garden alone explained itself to her mind when, as she dropped down on a rustic bench under a big tree where the music of the dance orchestra came to her, softened by distance, she saw Terry Culver sitting at the other end of the bench.

"What are you doing here?" she questioned.

"I don't know. I guess I thought I might get a glimpse of you." She rose to go. "Won't you please listen to me for a moment?" he pleaded and, against her better judgment, she resumed her seat. "You see, I've just discovered something about myself. I've been pretty useless all my life, then all of sudden something happened when I met you and I knew I couldn't live without seeing you, even if I had to join the army to do it."

"Is that why you joined the army?" she questioned icily.

"Well, I had nothing else to do," he started lightly, then, at her disapproving look, he hurried

*When Judy saw Terry sitting at the other side of the bench, garden—alone.*

on, "I mean—I mean I didn't see why anyone should belong to any army. Then, all of sudden, out there on the parade ground today, something happened—I felt sort of inspired and I realized what the army means to people that really belong to it. It got me."

"And does that mean that you won't want to see me any more?" the question came before she could stop it.

"I'll always want to see you," he told her earnestly. "I just wondered if you'd really noticed any change in me. Have you?"

"Yes, I have," she told him honestly.

"Does that mean anything to you? Tell me."

Before she could answer, Lieutenant Allan joined them and, with a hasty nod to Terry, Judy started back to the dance.

"Culver, what's the meaning of this?" Allan asked sternly when the two men were alone together.

"The meaning of what?" Terry asked innocently.

"For weeks now you've persisted in forcing yourself upon Miss Gaylord," his superior officer told him. "You've even caused her to be the subject of gossip around the post. I don't think it's necessary to humiliate her further by making it a matter of official investigation."

*she realized why she had desired to come out into the*

"You're quite right, sir," Terry assented.

"This is a personal matter. There's only one official difference between us." He pointed to the gold braid on his shoulder, then quickly removed his coat.

"I understand," Culver said quietly.

NEWS of the fight brought back to the dance hall by a couple strolling through the garden threw all the guests into a panic of excitement and the colonel ordered the two combatants brought before him. The curious officers and their wives crowded around while Colonel Gaylord demanded the reason for this unseemly behavior. Both men would have suffered any degree of punishment rather than bring Judy's name into the unfortunate affair. Culver, when questioned, replied that he did not like the way the lieutenant ran his stables—not forgetting even at this crucial moment to add the word, "sir". Allan's version of the quarrel was that he had forced it because he did not like the way Culver rode his horse. Their excuses were lame and they knew it. So did their superior officer who had little difficulty in guessing the real cause of the fight. The lieutenant was severely reprimanded and the rookie was placed under prison sentence for striking a superior officer.

Terry's chief regret over the occurrence was that it kept him from riding in the cross-country races the next day. He was now an enthusiastic horseman and he felt that he could compete with the best of them, thanks to little Jane. His top sergeant, however, who had grown to have a gruff liking for the recruit, permitted him to stand on the roof of one of the stables with him and watch the races. Terry had never witnessed a more exciting sight and he never took his eyes away from the glasses as the beautiful animals sped over the course. Then suddenly he saw a solitary horse start across the field and on its back was the diminutive figure of his little friend, Jane. Queer that the child should decide to ride across the field at that moment! But he soon realized her object. She was making directly for the water course to be on hand when the racers came from the other direction and took the hurdle over the high green hedge. A moment later Terry gave a gasp of dismay. The child had fallen off her horse right in front of the water course, hidden by the green hedge from the view of the dozens of galloping cavalrymen who would soon take the hurdle, crashing right down upon the little figure that lay prone, directly in their course. He did not delay a second but jumped from the roof onto the back of a horse standing at rest near the door. There was only one thought in the minds of the spectators who saw him take that wild dash —he was breaking prison, hoping to escape in the general excitement.

PERHAPS for the first time in his life, a prayer was on the lips of Terry Culver as he urged his horse across the green course to where the little

*(Continued on page 30)*

# *Murder on*

By HELEN

*Finally, Carozzo could stand Marcia's ill-temper no longer and, unmindful of their past relations, summarily dismissed her.*

THE famous Corsair Night Club was packed to the doors with gay, frivolous New Yorkers who sought their amusement long after the rest of the world was preparing for its next day's labors. This rendezvous of the sporting and theatrical circles and the racketeers of the East was on the roof of the high Alleghany Building just off Broadway, in the heart of the Roaring Forties. Joe Carozzo, fifty per cent owner of the club and consort of gunmen in both New York and Chicago, had built his palace of entertainment with two definite ideas in mind, to appeal to the amusement lovers' perpetual search for the unusual and to avoid interference by the police, for most of his questionable dealings were transacted there.

To the left of the dance floor and restaurant, Carozzo had built a small penthouse, consisting of a living-room, a bedroom and bath. Two French windows led from the living-room out onto the terrace and afforded an exceptionally fine view of New York, a view that was obstructed only by the bare steel girders of a new skyscraper that was slowly creeping up alongside the Alleghany Building. Not only did the penthouse serve as a meeting place for the proprietor's associates of the underworld but it provided a secret rendezvous for his romancing with the lithesome, dark-haired, hazel-eyed Marcia, the club's star entertainer and Carozzo's sweetheart.

To Marcia, much of the credit for the phenomenal success of the amusement palace was due, for it was her oriental dancing and her diaphanous costumes that brought many of the male guests to the roof-top resort. To Joe, Marcia was a plaything that satisfied his lustful cravings and amused him. In return, he was most generous with gifts of jewels and money. The girl regarded him as another romance in her colorful and amorous life and one to be guarded carefully because of his generosity.

On this particular night, Carozzo was unusually nervous and anxious. For many months he had longed to possess a famous diamond that was in the hands of an underworld character, Tom Larkin. The owner had refused to part with it, but now, after weeks of dickering, he had at last consented to bring the gem to the club and talk over its sale with Anthony Sommers, Joe's attorney, at one time a famous criminal lawyer whose liking for liquor had spelled his downfall. The two met in the living-room of the penthouse, the lawyer alert to procure the stone for his client at the lowest possible price, its present owner determined to sell only at a figure commensurate with the intrinsic value of the stone —and the risk he had run in getting it into his possession. Carozzo saw to it that they were undisturbed. The only interruption to the conference he permitted was a visit of the little cigarette girl, bearing some liquor from his own private supply and a selection of cigarettes.

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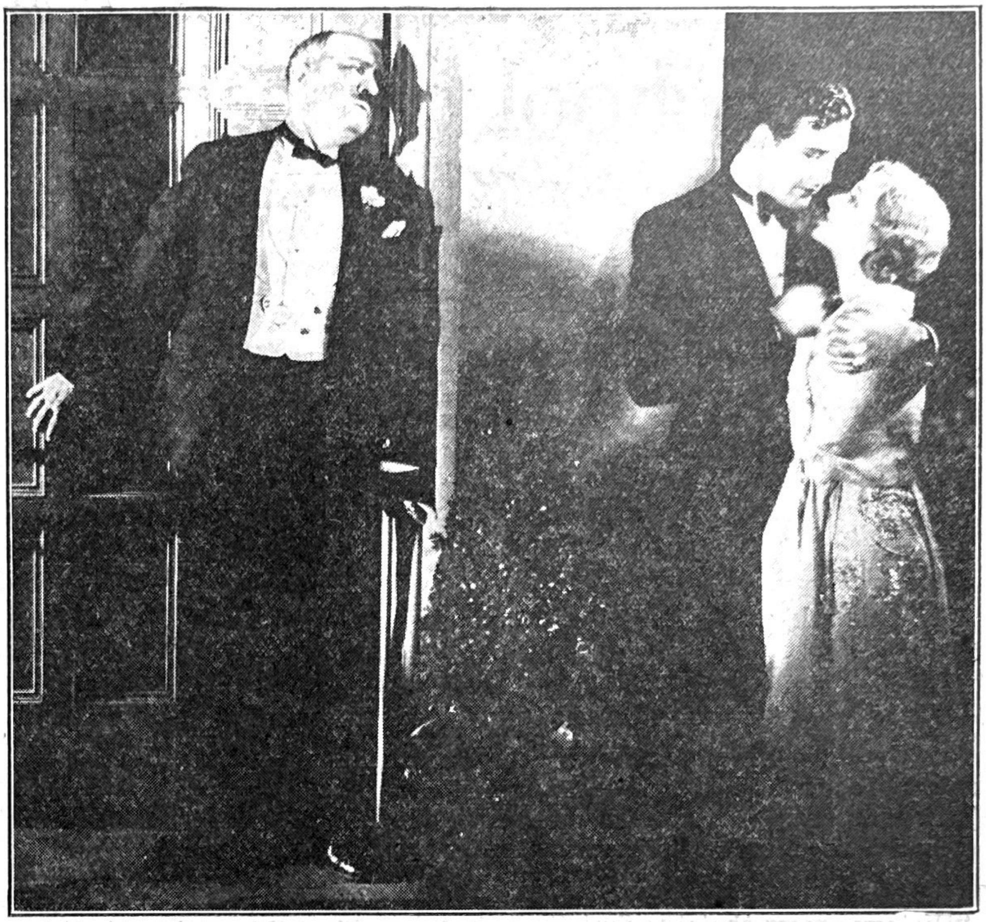
*This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by Edward Doherty, produced by Harry Cohn. George B. Seitz directed, with Dorothy Revier appearing as Molly, Raymond Hatton as Drinkwater, Margaret Livingston as Marcia, David Newell as Ted Palmer, Paul Porcasi as Joe Carozzo, Virginia Brown Faire as Monica, William Mong as Anthony Sommers, Louis Natheaux as Victor, Fred Kelsey as Ryan, Richard Cramer as Tom Larkin, Pietro Sosso as Emile and Hazel Howell as Lucille.*

# the Roof

HOYT



*Meet me here later," Molly whispered to Ted. "I have something important to tell you."*

Suddenly a terrified scream sounded from the penthouse and brought Carozza and Victor, head-waiter and silent partner of the club, hurrying there. They found the cigarette girl crouched in a chair, her horror-wide eyes fixed on the body of Tom Larkin that lay sprawled on the floor, blood gushing from a knife wound. The girl had forgotten her change box and, returning to get it, had been met by this gruesome sight. Soon guests from the club came crowding in and some one summoned the police. No one had seen Anthony Sommers, but a search of the roof revealed him slumped in a corner, his clothing and hands stained with blood, his mind dazed by the liquor he had consumed, almost drugged, it seemed. He could remember nothing except that he and the murdered man had been discussing the sale of the diamond when suddenly a mist had come over his brain, shutting out every other impression. Search of the lawyer's clothing disclosed a large, blue-white stone. Carozzo was called upon to identify it as the Larkin diamond, but, upon examination, he slowly shook his head and pronounced it a poor imitation of the real thing. A book end, dropped upon it, smashed it into countless pieces, proving his contention.

Anthony Sommers received a speedy trial and, though the evidence against him was not sufficient to bring in a verdict of first degree murder, he was convicted of manslaughter and sent to Sing Sing for twenty years.

THE crime on the roof of the club did not injure its popularity; in fact, the attendant publicity brought many new patrons, the publicity and the appearance of a new entertainer known as Molly, a demure, blonde girl with wistful blue eyes, who crooned popular melodies in a plaintive, haunting voice. Molly at once became the fad of the hour, perhaps because she was so utterly different from all other night club entertainers. Of her many admirers there was none more ardent, more devoted than Ted Palmer, tall debonair son of a wealthy family. But Carozza, himself, had his own ideas concerning the singer's future and he regarded the boy with jealous suspicion. And, of course, young Palmer hated the lustful way the Italian's eyes rested upon the lovely young girl. Her attitude, too, was puzzling. When she was alone with Ted, she made no attempt to conceal the fact that her employer's attentions were distasteful to her, yet never once did she make any attempt to check his unwelcome advances.

And Ted was not the only one who resented Carozzo's growing interest in the young entertainer. Marcia saw in it the loss of her own secure position, of the financial advantages she now enjoyed. From the smiling, vivacious girl, alert to cater to the whims of the wealthy proprietor, she became sharp-tongued, irritable, never losing an opportunity to belittle his new favorite and always doing her best to fan the flame of his jealousy of young Ted Palmer. Finally Carozzo could stand her ill-temper no longer and, unmindful of their past

*(Continued on page 24)*

# Our School of Scenario Writing

*Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL*

## LESSON One Hundred and Three (Reviewed)

### *Film Fashion Notes For You*

A COUPLE of days ago I was lucky enough to meet Joseph M. Schenck, just following a conference he and other producers had been having with Will H. Hays, counselor and adviser on picture problems. I said to this producer-husband of Norma Talmadge:

"Mr. Schenck, won't you be nice enough to tell my readers just what you consider the trend of motion picture production at present and for the immediate future?"

And the very affable producer nodded and said he would. He prophesied the beginning of an era of World War dramas which probably will virtually monopolize the screen within a few years. To quote exactly, he said:

"History shows that the first Civil War dramas did not appear until about ten years after the close of the war. This condition will prevail, now that the terrors of the late War are beginning to be forgotten and the people are able to remember it without bitterness.

"The era of burning sex dramas has ended. While the eternal triangle will always be a topic of interest, the reign of the vampire is over. Less stress will be laid upon sex problems and the screen will lose much of the sex frankness which has alarmed certain portions of the populace. On the other hand, sex conflict will always be of interest when it is presented in romantic vein.

"Costume dramas have had their day and will appear no more in this motion picture era, although many romantic stories written in costume periods will be modernized and brought up to date. The romance will be retained, the costumes discarded.

"There is a general cry for romance and realism," he added. "This will be granted. Romantic stories will occupy the screen very largely during the next two years and they will be presented in a realistic vein.

"By this I do not mean that realism will be synonymous with sordidness. There is not now, nor do I believe there ever will be, a demand for sordidness on the screen.

"People took to the screen to bring them entertainment and happiness, to lift them out of themselves. They do not relish a brutal presentation of brutality. This has come to be confused with realism. There are as many sweet and happy events in life as there are mean and sordid ones. The screen must always reflect happiness without being puerile.

"It is also undeniably true that the American public likes thrilling action in its entertainment. This accounts for the tremendous popularity of the melodrama in its heyday. The screen will present an increasing variety of action stories, probably leaning toward Western dramas.

"I look for a resurrection of many of the melodramas of the late stage era. They will, of course, be modernized to meet present-day conditions, but the inevitable conflict of right and wrong will be strongly to the fore. There is also a bright future for writers of original screen stories," he concluded.

Do you know, when I heard all this from a man so high up in the game, I felt as if I was not such a bad prophet after all, for, if you remember past articles in this department, I've said almost all the things that Mr. Schenck has told you, except about World War plays? That, of course, is a matter of opinion, and I'd counsel you to take his rather than mine, for he is a big factor in film production today. At that, I may have something to say in another article relative to the differences between the Civil War and the World War as a background for romance.

But how it did rejoice my heart to hear those digs he gave about sordidness. You may remember that, speaking on this same subject, the idea that some directors have that realism means only sordidness, I said:

"A sunset is as real as a sewer—and I prefer the sunset."

Not so bad, eh?

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# The Bishop Murder Case

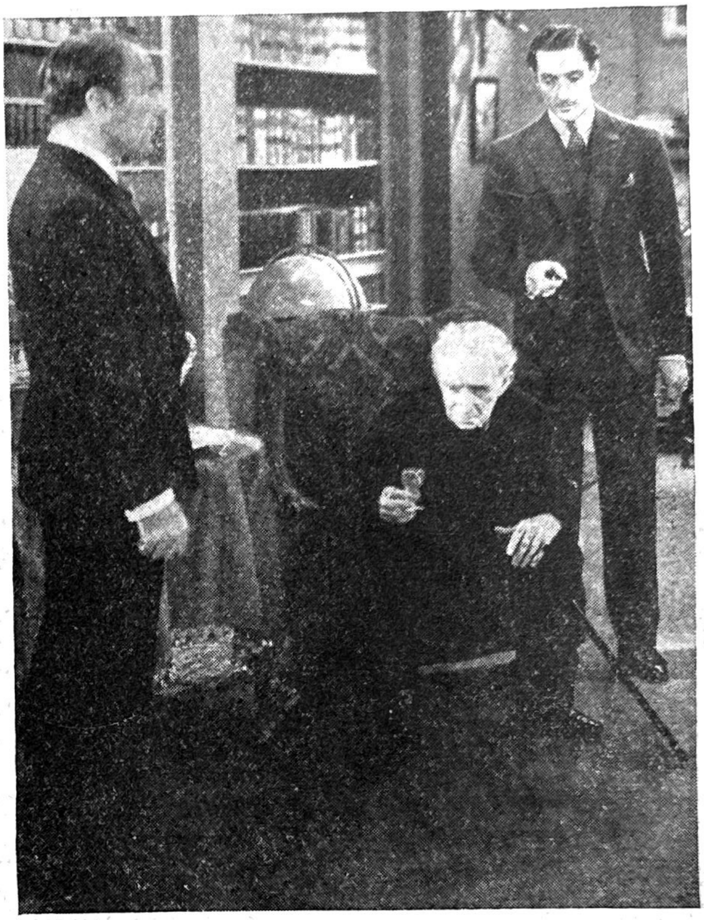
By VAL LEWTON

## SYNOPSIS

*A SERIES of gruesome murders were engaging the attention of Philo Vance, gentleman detective, District Attorney Markham and Sergeant Heath. First, a young man, Joseph Cochrane Robin, was found dead on the archery course in back of the home of Professor Dillard, well known scientist. Sperling, a friend of Belle Dillard, the Professor's lovely niece, was arrested for the crime. He, however, was released when Sprigg, another member of the circle, was found dead, evidently by the same hand. Next Drukker, the hunchback neighbor of the Dillards, was killed while sitting in Central Park one foggy night. Each time the perpetrator of the crime left a note, written on the same typewriter, and signed "The Bishop" or the black bishop from a chess set, a game in which the men that comprised the circle were intensely interested. Vance felt certain that, if he could locate the typewriter, the mystery would be solved. Besides Sperling, who had been cleared of suspicion, there now remained only four of the little circle upon which the Bishop seemed to have decided to confer the honor of fantastic murder: The white-haired Professor Dillard, his niece, Belle, his adopted son, Eric Arnesson, a scholarly young chap whom the men from headquarters were prone to suspect on account of his apparent irritation under questioning, and Pardee, an eccentric figure devoted to chess, who, too, always seemed ill-at-ease in the presence of Philo Vance and the detectives. While the three continued to work on the case, Belle Dillard's nervousness was increased by a strange tapping sound which she heard one night in the attic above her room and which her mind connected in some way with the series of crimes. One evening after Pardee, who had been visiting her uncle and had seemed in a particularly worried frame of mind, referring frequently to the recent death of Drukker with whom he had often had heated words over chess games, she confided her fears to Arnesson as they stood at the top of the stairs leading to their rooms.*

*"Nonsense," he told her. "It's the pigeons."*

*When he heard her door close he started for the attic but, thinking better of it, tiptoed back to his own room.* * **



*"While you were talking to Mr. Markham, Professor, I changed the wine glasses."*

THE next morning Pardee's body was found slumped down on a chess board at which he had been playing. Near his tousled head was a house of playing cards and on top of it a black bishop.

"This is the house that Jack built. The Bishop," was neatly typed on one of the cards.

"Diabolical!" Vance exclaimed.

Together with Markham and Heath, he went to Dillard's house. The professor received them kindly and poured out some of his treasured port wine for them.

"When did Pardee leave here last night?" Vance asked.

"About eleven o'clock."

"And you say that he impressed you as being under a mental strain. Did it strike you that he was in fear of something?"

"Yes. But I have something I want to talk over with you, Mr. Vance. You know of my adopted son's passion for Ibsen? He has gone to see 'The Pretenders' tonight. I've been reading it over again myself." He made a gesture to pass the book to Vance, but the latter showed no interest in it, much to the professor's obvious disappointment. "Gentlemen, it is like cutting off my right hand to say what I am about to say to you," he continued but stopped abruptly as Belle came into the room. "Mr. Vance and Mr. Markham have just dropped in to have a little chat over a glass of wine," he explained. "They have been asking if I have an opinion to offer on this tragic matter." Both Vance and Markham felt that he wanted them to read between the lines of his conversation. "The most difficult thing in the world is to know where one's duty lies. Perhaps I am wrong in voicing my opinion, for, after all, I have only misty suspicions to go on."

"I cannot urge you too strongly to speak," Vance encouraged.

"Do you, as a student of human nature, share Mr. Arnesson's enthusiasm for Ibsen, Mr. Vance?" the professor asked.

"I am very fond of Ibsen's works."

"That is all that I can say. I have no right to voice my suspicions," the professor finished lamely.

Both Markham and Vance exchanged glances, then said good-night to their host and his niece. As soon as they left, Belle picked up the Ibsen play which Dillard had been reading and looked at the cast of characters. With a little shudder, she dropped the book, amazed at the revelation which she had seen in that single page of type and then, as she heard Arnesson's latch key turning in the front door, ran up the stairs to avoid meeting him, her face a study in horror.

An hour later, Vance saw the same words that had so startled the girl. In the cast of characters of "The Pretenders" was "Arnesson—Bishop." This, then, was the clue that Dillard had so painstakingly put in his way!

"Then the Bishop has nothing to do with chess," Vance commented to Markham.

The latter jumped quickly to his feet.

"Come," he shouted in excitement, "we've got to arrest Arnesson at once. We haven't a moment to lose."

"Perhaps you are right, Markham," Vance said calmly as he picked up his hat.

AT THE Dillard house, Belle, ready for bed, made up her mind to go to the attic and confront Arnesson alone. She was certain that it was he who had perpetrated the murders and who used a hidden typewriter in the attic to write out the Bishop notes. Almost frozen with terror and yet burning to make sure of her suspicion, Belle opened the door and stole swiftly up the stairs. From above she could hear the clickety-click of typewriter keys. Suddenly the typing stopped, the light was extinguished, footsteps thudded across the attic, a body hurtled through space at Belle and she lost consciousness.

She came out of her faint in the cupola that crowned Professor Dillard's house and found she was bound and gagged. Around her fluttered and cooed the pigeons who used the place as a nesting ground.

At about the same time Vance and Markham entered the house. Pyne opened the door for them and ushered them into Professor Dillard's room.

"Forgive us for breaking in on you like this. We haven't time to explain now but every moment of delay spells danger for us all. We wish to see Mr. Arnesson at once."

"Pyne, these gentlemen wish to see Mr. Arnesson. Go to his room and call him," Dillard instructed the butler.

"But Mr. Arnesson is not in his room, sir," Pyne reported.

"Then get Miss Dillard," Vance directed.

Belle Dillard could not be found. With sudden decision Vance said:

"I'm going up to your attic. If necessary, Professor Dillard, I will have to smash down the door."

The professor bowed his head in acquiescence and Vance ran up the stairs and ransacked the attic. The shade over an electric light bulb was still warm when he got there. He could not find what he was searching for until Markham overturned an old doll's baby carriage and the doll inside gave a piteous squeak. Vance thrust both hands into the doll's carriage and felt about. Markham and Heath were surprised to hear the tap-tap of typewriter keys as his hands rummaged beneath the doll's clothes. Finally he pulled out the typewriter.

Inserting a piece of paper into the portable machine, Vance wrote out, "The Bishop".

"This is the machine," he said. "Let's go down and see if Arnesson has returned."

On the way down, the professor remarked:

"I am afraid that my adopted son—he is so proud—will take his life rather than submit to arrest."

Hardly had they reached the bottom of the stairs than Arnesson came in.

Vance crossed over to him and shoved the paper in front of his face.

"I thought so," he remarked as Arnesson stared at it. "We found the typewriter on which that was written in the attic of this house."

With a harsh, scoffing laugh, Arnesson returned:

"Well, I can't see that you have a cast-iron case against anyone. A typewriter isn't a thing that fits only one person."

"I assure you, Mr. Arnesson, that I know who is guilty," Vance told him.

At that moment Sergeant Heath came in.

"You were right, Mr. Vance," he announced. "We found the girl in the cupola. She's all right."

Looking over his shoulder into a mirror, Vance watched Dillard pour some white powder into a glass of wine. Then he offered wine to everyone except Arnesson.

"Since when am I a teetotaler?" the latter asked.

"Help yourself," Dillard invited, pointing to a glass of wine that he had left on the sideboard.

As Arnesson drained it at a gulp, he gave a barely perceptible sigh of relief.

"While you were talking to Mr. Markham, Professor," Vance said coolly, "I changed the wine glasses." Dillard rose trembling to his feet, the glass of wine shaking in his hand. "And what would you say if I told you that, in spite of all your precautions, your niece recognized you?"

The mask of sanity dropped from Dillard's face and he turned on Arnesson with an expression of insane fury.

"I had everything so perfect. It was so easy to keep myself innocent, to throw the guilt from one to another until it stuck where I had planned—on you, you who robbed me of the only things I lived for, my fame as a scientist and the affection of my niece. And now you take from me the triumph of sending you to the electric chair."

He drained the glass in his hand and fell down dead—of shock, not poison, for Vance had removed the poisoned wine and substituted a harmless drink.

"Here's the glass he prepared for Arnesson," he said. "It wasn't this poison that killed him but the poison that fermented in his own diseased brain. Fear killed him."

"You certainly gave me a terrible shock when you showed me that note—but I knew I had to play up," Arnesson said.

"Play up? What do you mean?" Markham asked.

Vance picked up the piece of paper and showed it to him. "The Bishop" was typewritten on it. Beneath this was scrawled in pencil:

"Pretend you are guilty. Trust me and play up."

*(Continued on page 29)*

# HELPING HEARTS CLUB

### By ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Isn't this an adorable little poem? It struck my fancy the minute the editor showed it to me, so she presented it to our club column.

### PARADE

By HERBERT WREN

Down on the corner
Here am I—
Watching other guys' girls
Go by.

Here comes Tom's girl,
Blonde and slim—
I wouldn't mind if I
Was him.

There goes Ed's girl—
Name's Marie;
Once, in spring, she smiled
At me.

Here comes Bill's girl—
Gee, she's nice!
I've met her only once
Or twice.

That was Art's girl
All in blue—
Makes me remember a girl
I knew.

Sure—I've met 'em,
But don't you see
Other guys' girls brush right
Past me?

* * *

Down on the corner
Here am I—
Watching other guys' girls
Go by.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

May I join your club? I have always wanted pen friends and maybe this is my chance. Not so? I am a girl twenty-one years of age, have light brown (almost blonde) hair and am five feet four inches tall.

I like reading and dancing but I haven't any friends. I am a stenographer.

Won't somebody please write to me? Really you don't know what it means to stay at home all the time while everybody else is having a good time. Sometimes I get so lonely I don't know what to do.

I will answer all letters sent to me and I'll try to be friendly, which won't be so hard if I have some one to write to.

Please take pity on Peggy of St. Louis.

Why not start the ball rolling by writing to some of the pals, Peggy? You'll find them a sure cure for those lonesome blues.

*When Helen Twelvetrees, Pathe's lovely gift to the picture fans, walks into our pages she brings her hearts right with her. There is a big heart for big pals, a little heart for little pals and Helen's own heart for all the pals.*

Dear Rosemary Lee:

My first sentence will have to be an apology for the typewritten letter and for the atrocious typewriting—the first because I have a handwriting that even I sometimes cannot read, and the second because I have a sore index finger and, if you know anything about typewriting, you know that the index finger is used quite often. Enough for explanations and excuses!

I guess you know why I am writing this letter. I am not in the habit of trying to get friends through such a big magazine (in circulation) as Moving Picture Stores, nor any other way. But today I am down in the dumps. It seems that all the nice people one would want to meet one never does. I get so sick and disgusted of seeing the really nice men and women that I would like to know associating with some people that I wouldn't care to know whatsoever! I cannot explain exactly what I mean because I do not know you personally. It's all a mess, but I don't know what to do.

I would very much like to become a pen pal of some men and women over the age of 25 or 30, people who like the nice things in life. I like to dance, read, play bridge and anything that is sane and decent. The people that I've met lately want to dance, yes, but indecent dancing. Cards are too much for them and they'd rather pet than do anything else.

Do you think it would be possible for me, through your column, to make nice friends? I am especially interested in western people, people on ranches, who would care to write to me and exchange views on different subjects, etc. Do you think it possible? Please help me in this.

Enclosed is the card and some two cent stamps that you may need in forwarding letters, etc.

I know this letter isn't very coherent, but I'm blue and could cry—and that's that.

Sincerely yours,

Beiti Tanoni.

Of course, you're going to meet nice people through our club. They're all nice and, incidentally, many of them are from the great open spaces. The blue days will soon disappear. Be ready to wave them a speedy farewell.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I hope your organization is not, as yet, so large that you cannot find room for "lonesome little me".

I am a girl, eighteen years of age, blonde, with large blue eyes, fair complexion, five foot three inches short and am not very hard to look at.

I can dance, sing, play the piano, victrola, radio, or any other such instrument, but my hobby is dancing. I also adore writing and receiving letters, so I hope you will accept me in your delightful club. Letters from either sex will be gratefully received and answered "pronto".

I hope members of both sexes will "prefer blondes" and write to me. I would love to hear from Barry of Dixie, Just Somebody, Beantown Johnnie, Marge of Milwaukee, Muriel of St. Louis and anyone else who likes letters answered immediately and cares to write to

Blondy of Pittsburgh.

P. S. Please excuse typing as this typewriter must have come from the ark.

Maybe it is acquainted with some wild ones I have known, Blondy.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading my latest copy of Moving Picture Stories and I've decided that I would like to join the Helping Hearts Club. Am I welcome?

I had a quarrel with my best friend about a month ago. She left the country a few days after and since then I've been as blue as can be. The only thing that can cheer me now is a big batch of letters bringing me new and true friends from all over. I'd like to receive letters from boys and girls, any kind of letters, and I promise to answer right after reading them.

Maybe a description would help me in finding pals. I'm a brown-eyed blonde, five feet six inches tall, weigh 129 pounds. I have been nicknamed "Smiling Skippy" by my friends. I was presented to the world about eighteen and a half years ago and since then I have felt the effects of grammar school, high school, measles, the South, puppy love, etc. I am one of the most enthusiastic rooters baseball and hockey ever had and two-thirds of my allowance every week for the past two years has been used to buy books and magazines. I can dance, swim, ice skate, sing, play tennis and write stories, but I do not excel in any of them. I have been working for a lawyer for six months and three days ago I was promoted to the high position of secretary. Since then I have had hours and hours to spare and during that time I've either read or slept. Now, if some one will answer my plea, I'll spend my spare time writing letters.

Please, everybody, write to me. I'll be waiting and hoping, so don't disappoint me.

Hopefully yours,

Smiling Skippy of New Jersey.

I hope that quarrel is all patched up by this time, Skippy. After all, quarrels are such silly things. You realize that now in your exalted position as secretary, don't you? You do write an interesting letter and I know you are going to make many pals.

* * *

**Your Mystic Myra and your Rosemary Lee are weeping on each other's shoulders. Your Myra was crowded out entirely—but she'll be back next issue —and Rosemary was "cut down to the bone". But never mind, pals—there are pages and pages of your letters already in type, waiting for the magazine to grow larger or the writers to grow smaller. The girls seem to have gotten the break this time but we'll try to concentrate on the boys in the next issue.**

---

## *Murder on the Roof*

*(Continued from page 19)*

relations, summarily discharged her, laughing contemptuously at her threats of revenge. Marcia's sudden dismissal at the opening of one of the club's biggest nights left the bill with a vacant spot, that of the oriental dancer. This Carozzo decreed, in the presence of Ted Palmer, should be filled by Molly—and she should wear Marcia's diaphanous costume. Palmer objected vehemently to this arrangement and begged Molly not to concede to his wishes. His interference brought on a heated argument with Carozzo and Molly, suspecting something of the Italian's practices, feared bodily injury to the boy. After placating Carozzo by assuring him that she would gladly do as he wished, she drew Ted aside and whispered that she would explain everything if he would meet her near the penthouse after the dance was over, for she had promised Carozzo to have supper alone with him at the close of the evening.

* * *

**What is the mystery that surrounds lovely golden-haired Molly, the toast of Broadway? Will the revelation she has to make cause any difference in the feelings of Ted Palmer? The solution of "Murder on the Roof" will appear in Moving Picture Stories, dated March 18.**

## Their Own Desire

(Continued from page 5)

there was no laughter in his face—instead, a sudden, pinched, thin look.

"Yes, isn't it?" Lally returned. She moistened her lips and tried to smile. At least one of them must put up a bluff. "To dance and play around without getting each other's names! You, Beth Cheever's son, and I, Henry Marlett's daughter!" She laughed bitterly.

"Does it make any difference, Lally?" he questioned eagerly. He rested his arm on the tree trunk on either side of her, imprisoning her. His face had grown settled, grim, and he seemed suddenly older as he gazed into her challenging eyes and in their depths read desolation. "Gee, the world's a little place!" He hesitated as if dreading to ask, then, "You've met my mother?"

"She always called you Doug."

"John Douglas Cheever," he told her. "I never stood for Doug except from her. She always spoke of you as Lucia."

"Mother and I are going to Paris in the fall."

"Then it's gone that far?" he questioned miserably.

"Yes, that far," she returned.

"All broken up! Poor little Lally!" It was a whisper, deep with tenderness.

Quickly she put her hands against his chest to push him away from her.

"Stop it! I'm fed up on pity!" she cried. "Don't you ever dare!" Her hands dropped to her side and she leaned back against the tree trunk with all her weight, fighting to keep from fainting. All about her were summer-day sounds, struggling to penetrate her consciousness, seeming to mock her. "Let's go." Her voice rang out hard, brittle, as she attempted to rush past him. But he reached out and grasped her by the shoulders.

"Listen, Lally," he said, almost sternly, "you're you, just you—there isn't anybody in the world like you—and I'm I. What's it to us what our parents do? Oh, I know it's a tough break, but, Lally, we've got to do what everybody else does today, stand on our own hind legs, live our own lives and tell the rest of the world to go to blazes." He drew her to him. "Kiss me, Lally."

Aroused, she pushed him from her.

"Your mother and my dad," she laughed bitterly, "they've smeared this up for both of us."

"But, Lally, you don't mean that this is the finish?" he asked fearfully.

"It has to be now, Jack," she told him, not daring to look into his eyes.

"But, Lally girl, you love me, you know you do."

"That's all washed up." He started to protest but she cut him short. "Oh, Jackie, it's got to be. Take me home please."

A cold, hard look came into the boy's eyes and his manner grew quiet, remote.

"Okay by me," he said as he followed her down to the canoe.

IN THAT lovely playground of gay vacationists, two young things were gayest of them all, but their laughter hid an ache deep down in their hearts, the smiles on their lips were the painted smiles of clowns in a circus, the circus of life. They were brave, courageous, and pride was the only thing they had left now. Lally avoided Jack, throwing herself with almost hysterical abandon into coquetting with the other young men at the resort. Finally the boy could stand it no longer. He cornered her alone in the arbor one night.

"Now you listen to me," he commanded, pushing her down on a rustic bench.

"Oh, you great big brute!" she taunted in an endeavor to hide the shaky feeling that had come over her.

"Cut the comedy," Jack said roughly. "Do you think you can kid me along for three days and get away with it? Haven't you a heart at all?"

Mockingly Lally put her hand to her breast.

"Something's beating."

"That's just a big muscle that pumps your blood," the boy returned bitterly.

"The kid's there with the anatomy stuff," she laughed.

"Oh, Lally, please be serious," he begged. "Why are you trying to bluff me? You know I love you and you love me. Say you'll marry me, say it."

"I'll never marry any man in the world, least of all you," she returned grimly.

"What have you against me, except that my mother and your father—and what's that got to do with us?" he questioned.

"Plenty," she told him. He started to speak but she hurried on. "No, there's nothing left to say on that subject, Jack. We were crazy to dream." She got up from the bench and started to leave the arbor, but his strong young arms went out and held her fast.

"You're crazy now. You're not going to leave me until you say you're going to marry me." He clasped her to him and against her will she relaxed in his arms. "You do love me!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"Well, what if I do?" she defied him.

"Then marry me."

"I can't, I can't," she cried.

"Oh, so you're going to crucify us because of my mother? Well, if you were half the woman she is, we could be happy."

"Happy if I were like your mother?" she flashed.

"Yes," he defended. "When she loves a man, she's willing to cash in for him, let herself go."

"But there's my mother," Lally reminded. "What about her? Do you think I'll do to her what my father's done. I won't—and that's final."

"Either you'll marry me or I'll leave you flat—and that's final."

"All right by me, fellow," Lally laughed bravely, "all right by me."

Jack turned on his heel and strode out of the arbor. In the shadow of a tree at its edge, he paused and looked around and the sight that met his eyes sent him running back at top speed, for Lally was slumped over on the bench, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Lally!" he cried.

"Jack!" They were in each other's arms. "Oh, my darling, we mustn't quarrel—I can't bear it."

"Oh, Lally, say you forgive me," the boy pleaded contritely. "Say you love me. Say it, precious."

"Nothing else in the world but you—never anyone—only you."

Their lips met in a long, lingering kiss.

WHEN Jack called on Lally the next evening, he insisted that they be married at once.

"Oh, we can't," she protested.

"Sure we can," he assured her. "Hop in the little old bus, dash over the state line and we'll find the old bird that does the marrying right in the first house we come to."

"But we must wait until I can tell mother," Lally said firmly. "She'll be home in two days."

"But I'm afraid she'll object," he told her.

Finally he persuaded her to elope with him that very night. She was about to go to her own room for her coat and hat when the door opened and Mrs. Marlett walked in.

"what brought you home so soon?"

"Your aunt telegraphed for me," Mrs. Marlett returned lifelessly.

"Oh, I see." Lally turned to the boy who was standing beside her. "Mother, this is—"

"I know," Mrs. Marlett interrupted, "Beth Cheever's son."

Jack had started forward to greet Lally's mother but stopped abruptly as the woman drew herself up to her full height and stood staring at him silently. Going quietly to him, Lally placed her hand in his and faced her mother.

"I love him, Mother, and I'm going to marry him," she announced in an even tone.

Mrs. Marlett's eyes widened with shock but she turned to the door with a quiet, "I'll be in my room Lally," and left them alone. Lally looked up at the boy, tears streaming unheeded down her cheeks. "Oh, Jack, her hurt eyes—it was just like stabbing her!"

"Steady, little girl," the boy encouraged. "You've got to expect that. You won't let her talk you over? Remember, you've promised to marry me—hold on to that. As soon as we're married, you'll see how quickly things will smooth themselves out. A year from now we'll be wondering what all the shouting was about. How about it, little old kid, are you going to stick?"

"I'll stick," Lally promised.

"No matter what she says, you'll marry me tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," she told him.

RETURNING to her room, Lally found her mother sitting in a chair, the stabbed look deepening in her eyes.

"Oh, I won't believe it!" she almost sobbed at her daughter's entrance. "Her son!"

"Mother, you've got to forget that," Lally told her, suddenly the older of the two. "You've got to give us a square deal. I love him and I'm going to marry him tomorrow."

"Oh, Lally, not so soon," her mother pleaded. "Put it off a little. You've known him such a short time. Not tomorrow—promise."

"I put him off once" Lally summoned her whole strength to keep herself from weakening. "I was going to marry him tonight."

"Tonight—without saying a word to me?" Mrs. Marlett reproached. "Oh, Lally, how could you think of doing such a thing?"

"I didn't want to," the girl admitted, "but he showed me it was the only way. He said you'd do what you're doing now."

"But, Lally, it's your whole future and your happiness. You can't be happy with a son of hers. He won't give up his mother for you and you'll be seeing her and she'll be your father's wife. What a situation for you, dear!" Lally whitened and Mrs. Marlett took advantage of this first sign of weakening. "You hadn't thought of that, had you, dear? But you must give yourself time to think of it. Oh, Lally, my baby girl, don't marry him tomorrow—promise me."

"I won't! I won't!" the girl cried, not daring to meet her mother's eyes.

"You're going to sacrifice me, my love, for him?" her mother demanded.

"Can I help it that I've met a boy who is everything in life to me, worth sacrificing everything for, the one mate in all the world for me?" She stopped suddenly, for it occurred to her that she was saying exactly what her father had said. Her eyes wandered to the photograph of Henry Marlett on the dressing-table and rested there contritely for a moment as she remembered how intolerant she had been to him.

"Oh, that woman!" her mother interrupted her thoughts. "First your father, now you! What have I done to be punished like this? I'm tired, so tired, I can't fight any more. Well, Lally darling, if you think you're going to find happiness with this boy, I won't come between you, I'll say no more about it."

She got up from her chair and walked quickly into the adjoining bath room, unheeding her daughter's heartbroken, "Oh, Mother!"

Lally sank into the chair, her chin cupped in her hands, her eyes staring vacantly into space. Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by the sound of splintering glass from the bath room beyond and her eyes opened with terror. Rushing to the door, she clutched the knob and tried to turn it, but the door was locked.

"Mother, Mother, open the door!" she cried frantically. "Please let me in, let me in." There was no answer and, terrified, she began to beat against the door with her clenched fists. "Mother, Mother open the door!"

When the door was finally broken in by Lally's uncle. summoned from his room by her cries, they found Mrs. Marlett lying on the floor, splintered glass around her. Lally bent over her in an agony of fear that froze her white lips. But it was not as she had dreaded. Her mother had not taken her own life but, just as she had been about to raise a glass of water to her lips, she had lost consciousness. Her heart was weak, the doctor said, and she had received a great shock. From that moment on, Lally had but one duty, one desire, to be near the mother she had thought was lost to her forever. She cared for her tenderly, devotedly, did her best to divert her thoughts from the circumstances that had brought on her illness. She returned to Jack Cheever the ring he had slipped on her finger that dreadful night but she could not keep the boy out of her thoughts. It was hopeless, she knew, but she would carry him always in her heart.

ONE unusually sultry night, as Lally lay in her bed beside her mother's, reaching over every few minutes to bathe the sick woman's forehead, she grew so restless that she felt she must get up and walk about the room or scream out in an agony of nerves. Careful not to awaken Mrs. Marlett, she crossed softly to the window and stood looking down on the garden, stretching before her in the moonlight. Soon her eyes, grown accustomed to the shadowy forms of the trees, distinguished another form—Jack's, slumped dejectedly forward. His face was cupped in his hands, his eyes were fastened upon her window. Slipping on her dressing-gown, she stole out of the room and down to the garden. Hungrily the boy clasped her in his arms as if he would never let her go. Finally, against her better judgment, he persuaded her to hop into the canoe, swishing gently in the water beside the shore, and take a run down to their cove.

The lake was like glass when they started, glass that reflected the tiny, shimmering stars, and at their cove there was the "peace that passeth understanding". So engrossed were they in their few stolen moments together that they did not note the disappearance of the stars, the heavy cloud that passed over the face of the moon, leaving the lake below in gloomy darkness. The angry beating of the water on the rock that fringed the cove brought the first warning of the sudden change. But already the lake was an angry whirlpool, muttering, groaning to itself as a sudden wind whipped its surface into white-tipped spray.

"We can't make it," Jack shouted above the noise of the storm.

"But we must," she told him. "If mother wakes up and finds out I'm not there, the shock may kill her."

They started out bravely, two young thoroughbreds, defying the fury of the elements. But the little canoe could not hold its own against the angry lake and finally gave up the attempt, capsizing, to be tossed back and forth, a plaything of the maddened waves.

THE next day, in a sunny calmness that belied the storm of the night before, all the vacationists at the popular resort joined their forces in a search for the bodies of the young people. But there were some hopeful few that saw the possibility of their having reached one of the wooded islands that dotted the lake. Among these was Henry Marlett. The night of the storm he had been restless, sleepless. Every time he had dozed off, he had been awakened by the voice of Lally, calling to him. It had happened several times before in his life and each time he had found that she had been in need of him. Early the next morning, from the rustic lodge where he had retired to work on his new novel, he phoned the housekeeper who had been left in charge of the Marlett home during the family's absence and from her learned the sad news. He made all speed to the mountain resort and, chartering an airplane, began his frantic, prayful flying back and forth over the islands. Finally through his glasses he thought he caught sight of a splash of white against the moss green of an unfrequented island. As the pilot glided gracefully down to make a landing, Marlett scarcely dared look for the white spot, for dread of finding it had been but a mirage. But the father's eye had seen what the other searchers had missed, for it was his own Lally, leaning against a rock, the unconscious form of Jack Cheever clasped tightly in her arms.

"Lally dear," he murmured bending over her, it's Daddy."

She gazed up at him with unrecognizing eyes, and her clasp tightened protectingly about the unconscious boy. Then something stirred in her brain, crazed by exposure, hunger and thirst.

"Daddy?" she repeated dazedly. "No, no, I called my daddy."

"I heard you, Lally, I heard you and I'm here."

"No, no, not my daddy," she persisted. "He put me away." Marlett's tears fell on her fever-parched hand. "I want my daddy, I want my daddy," she whimpered.

Finally the soothing spell of his voice quieted her. Looking up into his tear-brimmed eyes, recognition came, and, loosening her clasp on the boy she had held tightly in her arms through days and nights of weird silence, she flung herself on her father's breast, crying hysterically.

A FEW weeks later, consciousness returned to Jack Cheever and he recognized the girl who was sitting on the bed beside him.

"Bless them both!" Harriet Marlett murmured when her husband broke the news to her. "You see, Hal, in all this anxious time I've done some thinking and I blame myself. If I had been more understanding, not so prejudiced —I don't deserve to be so happy, but I'm grateful. God is good."

"You blame yourself, when it was I?" her husband returned. "Harriet, what about us, what are we going to do?"

"For a little while let's just be contented and glad, then later we can plan what's best to do."

At that same moment, in the room above, Jack was asking anxiously:

"Lally, my mother—what about her?"

"She's heard every day," the girl returned gently. "Mother wanted her to come here but she went to New York to meet your father. As soon as you're better, we'll go—"

"We?" he interrupted.

"Yeppy," she told him. "Every

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little thing's okay." From the bosom of her dress she took out a diamond ring, the one Jack had brought her the night they were going to elope. "Look! As soon as I could stagger, I went through your pockets—getting in training. Here, put it on." She handed him the ring and he attempted to slip it on her engagement finger, but he was too weak to hold it and it rolled off the bed. "That's right—crab the act," she laughed, diving after it.

"Get it?" Jack queried.

"A diamond? Trust mama," she teased.

She held up the solitaire and they both laughed with carefree abandon—for the first time since those three precious days of their early courtship—before they had known.

## *The Racketeer*

*(Continued from page 9)*

ing upstairs for me, dear?" He saw Rhoda to the door and closed it after her. "Well, copper?" he queried, turning to the officer.

"Keane," Mehaffy announced, "we've got the dope on that Weber killing."

Bernie Weber was a powerful member of Mahlon Keane's gang. He had "pulled a job" in direct disobedience to the leader's orders and Keane had announced significantly to Gus that he did not want to see him around again. Later he had sent out orders to let matters rest until he had sailed, but Gus had bungled. Weber had been shot that afternoon as he rode downtown in a taxi and, under grilling and threats, Squid, Keane's chauffeur, against whom Mehaffy had enough evidence in another crime to send him to the chair, had finally broken down and implicated his employer.

"Yes? Well, what about it?" Keane nonchalantly lighted a cigarette.

At that instant, the door flew open and Gus dashed in, gun drawn. Keane jumped forward and knocked the pistol from his hand, just as Mehaffy's own gat spat fire. With a groan, Mahlon Keane raised his hand to his breast and crumpled up in a heap.

"Oh, I wouldn't have had that

happen for anything," Mehaffy exclaimed, bending over the wounded man. He, too, had known the leader's generosity and every Christmas his "kids and the Missus" had been well remembered by the open-handed gambler.

"Oh, gee, chief!" Gus murmured, taking his hand, for to him Mahlon Keane had been a king among men.

A cry sounded from the stairway and a lovely girl in evening dress flung herself on the floor and raised the man's head until it rested against her shoulder. There she held him, her tears raining down on his face, on which the mist of death was rapidly settling. A few minutes later, a young violinist in whose ears the bravos of an audience were still ringing, knelt beside the girl and gently loosened her clasp on the limp form.

"Poor Mal!" she sobbed as she buried her head on his shoulder. "Thank God, he never knew."

"Thank God," the man repeated reverently as he led her away.

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## *Bishop Murder Case*

*(Continued from page 22)*

*This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen version of the story by S. S. Van Dine. Lenore J. Coffee wrote the scenario and Nick Grinde and David Burton directed, with Basil Rathbone appearing as Philo Vance, Leila Hyams as Belle Dillard, Roland Young as Eric Arnesson, Alec B. Francis as Professor Bertrand Dillard, George Marion as Adolph Drukker, Zelda Sears as Mrs. Otto Drukker, Bodil Rosing as Grete Menzel, Carroll Nye as John E. Sprigg, Charles Quartermaine as John Pardee, James Dolan as Ernest Heath, Sidney Bracey as Pyne, Clarence Geldert as John F. X. Markham, Delmar Daves as Raymond Sperling and Nellie Bly Baker as Beedle.*

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## *His First Command*

*(Continued from page 17)*

figure lay so still. Could he make it before those cruel hoofs would mangle the tiny body? In the distance he could hear the faint thud of the aproaching horses, the shouts of their riders, and he grew faint with the fear that he would be too late. His horse stumbled just before he reached little Jane, throwing him to the ground, but he staggered forward just as the first horse made the hurdle. It was too late to drag her completely out of the path of the oncoming riders, so he flung himself on the ground over her and lay there motionless as one steed after another sped by. When the crowd, who by this time realized what had happened, came over the field to the rescue, they found the child uninjured, but Terry lay unconscious from the pain in his arm, badly trampled upon by a horse's hoof.

AS SOON as Terry Culver was out of the hospital, he received a summons to the colonel's office.

"You know why I sent for you?" the colonel inquired as the boy saluted with his uninjured arm.

"Yes, sir. For breaking arrest," he replied.

"We'll overlook that," the colonel said. "I wish to commend you for your act of bravery in saving one Jane Sergeant from possible injury or death during our most recent cross-country race."

"Thank you, sir," Terry returned gratefully.

"So much for that," the colonel dismissed the subject. "You've been getting into a lot of trouble since you've joined the army, haven't you, Culver, and it's a pretty strenuous life, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," Terry agreed.

"Altogether, you've had about enough of the army, haven't you?"

"No, sir," came the answer with a directness that left no doubt of the sincerity behind it.

The colonel was astonished.

"You mean to say you still wish to stay in the army after what you've just said?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, I've studied hard to earn a commission and I want to get it," the boy told him.

The colonel held out an official-looking paper.

"Culver, your father's influence at Washington has brought this letter ordering your immediate discharge."

"I won't accept it," the boy thundered. "My father or nobody else can get me out of the cavalry until I've finished my job. And, furthermore, I—"

"Just a moment," the colonel stopped him. "Whom are you shouting at?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the boy returned contritely.

"Well, that's better," the colonel commented. "Suppose I were to tell you, young man, that I'm going to force you to accept this discharge?"

"But why, sir?" Terry asked in dismay.

"So that you'll be eligible for your commission as second lieutenant of cavalry."

Terry was too surprised and overjoyed to do more than stammer his thanks. But it is to be doubted whether anyone ever covered the ground between the colonel's quarters and the office of the judge advocate where the new second lieutenant was to take his oath of office as quickly as Terry Culver did.

When he came down the steps, a full-fledged commissioned officer, he saw that Judy and his former sergeant were deep in conversation and he paused in back of them.

"Why, sergeant, you don't mean to tell me that all second lieutenants are proud and haughty?" Judy was saying.

"No, not all of them, just the new ones," the sergeant informed her.

"You mean that they never forgive one for anything, no matter how sorry she is?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Judy," the sergeant returned earnestly. "Generals is pretty forgivin', but second lieutenants is one of life's

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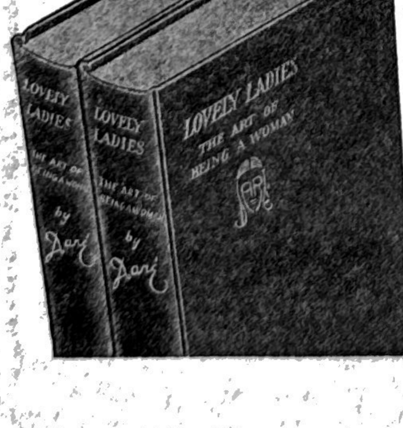

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mysteries. Oh!" He turned in feigned surprise as if becoming aware of Terry's presence for the first time and his hand went up in salute.

"Do that again, Sergeant," Terry laughed. "It feels so good. That's better," he commented after the repetition of the salute, "but you need practice. I think I'll have to make a date for you with General Pershing."

"Yes, sir," the sergeant smiled good-naturedly as Culver turned to join Judy.

"I'm not so sure you were talking to that sergeant," he told her, looking down at her sternly.

"Why, I thought second lieutenants were sure of everything," she smiled mischievously.

"Do you know what happens to officers' daughters that get fresh with second lieutenants?"

"No," she laughed, "but father might know."

"Let's go ask him," he suggested.

"All right," she assented.

Arm in arm they strolled away across the grounds to the colonel's quarters and it must be confessed that the trip in no manner approached the record Terry had made over the same ground in the opposite direction just a few minutes before.

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